A POWER COMIC

HOLD IT RIGHT HERE! MEET THE ZOOM-AGE COMIC!

POW!

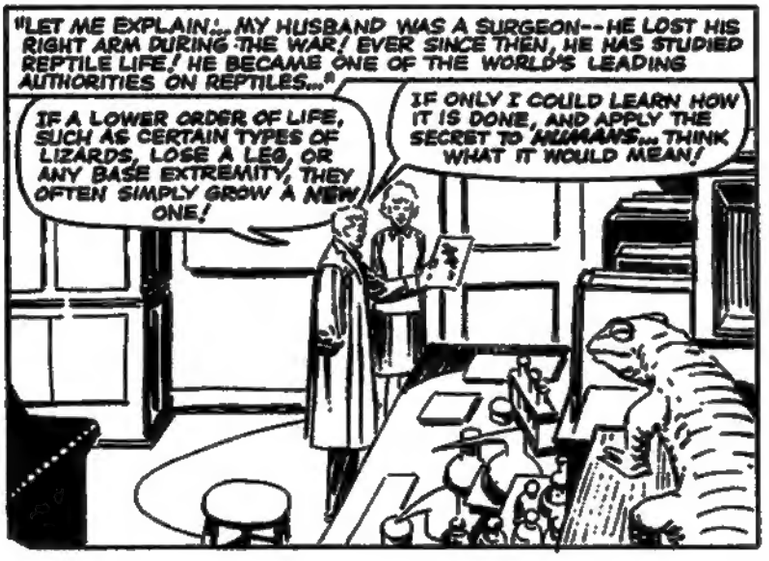
No 12
8th APRIL 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

"FACE-TO-FACE WITH... THE LIZARD!"

SPIDER-MAN HAS CONNED JONAH JAMESON INTO LETTING HIM GO TO FLORIDA (AS PETER PARKER, OF COURSE) TO PHOTOGRAPH A NEW MENACE KNOWN AS THE LIZARD. AFTER A BRIEF ENCOUNTER WITH THE LIZARD, SPIDEY GOES TO THE HOUSE OF REPTILE EXPERT DR CURTIS CONNORS TO GET SOME ADVICE. INSTEAD HE MEETS MRS. CONNORS AND LEARNS...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963

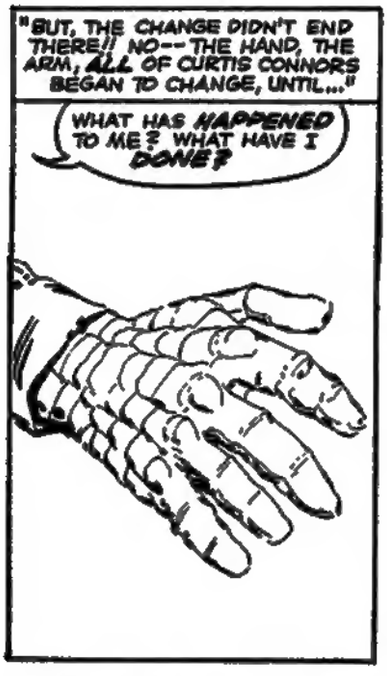


"AFTER MONTHS OF EXPERI-MENTATION..."
THE SERUM WHICH I EXTRACTED FROM MY EXPERIMENTAL LIZARDS WORKED!
THAT RABBIT GREW A NEW LEG WITHIN AN HOUR!

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO TRY IT ON A HUMAN! AND WHAT BETTER SUBJECT CAN THERE BE, THAN--MYSELF!
CURTIS...ARE YOU SURE IT'S SAFE? CURTIS!!

"HE DRANK THE BUBBLING SERUM BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM! AND THEN..."
MY RIGHT SHOULDER... SUCH A STRANGE SENSATION!
I-I FEEL LIFE RETURNING!

"AND THEN..."
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE GROWN A NEW ARM!
THIS IS THE GREATEST MEDICAL FEAT OF ALL TIME!


"BUT, THE CHANGE DIDN'T END THERE! NO--THE HAND, THE ARM, ALL OF CURTIS CONNORS BEGAN TO CHANGE, UNTIL..."
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

CURTIS!! WHAT IS IT?
NO! NO! STAY AWAY! DON'T LOOK AT ME!! DON'T!

"TREMBLING, SOBBING, LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, THE CREATURE WHO HAD BEEN CURTIS CONNORS RACED OUT INTO THE NIGHT..."
CURTIS!

"HE RETURNED THE NEXT DAY! HE TRIED TO WORK ON A NEW SERUM, ONE WHICH WOULD MAKE HIM HUMAN AGAIN... BUT IT WAS HOPELESS! HIS BRAIN HAD BEEN TOO DULLED--TOO CHANGED!"
CANNOT DO IT! MUST GIVE UP!

AND THAT WAS THE END! HE LEFT A NOTE... SAYING GOODBYE...HE WAS AFRAID TO REMAIN... AFRAID...BECAUSE OF WHAT HE HAD BECOME!
TAKE BILLY... LEAVE-- NEVER COME BACK--

THEN, AT THAT MOMENT...
MUMMY!!
IT'S BILLY! I THOUGHT HE WAS TAKING HIS NAP!

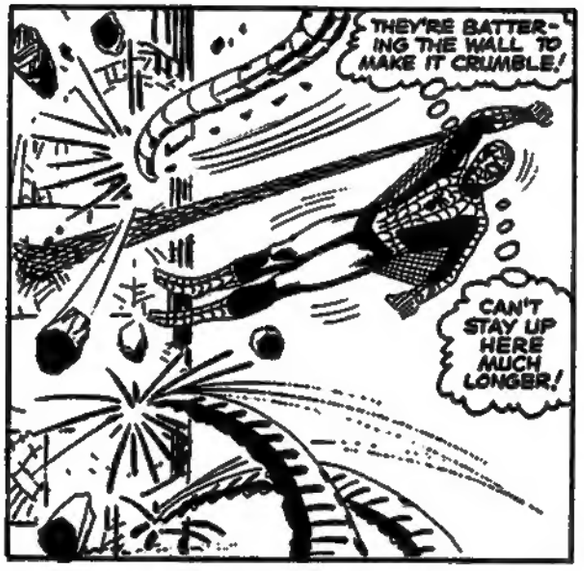
THE CRY CAME FROM OUTSIDE! PERHAPS MY SPIDER-SENSE WILL LEAD ME TO HIM!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE TERRIFIED BOY RACES THROUGH THE SWAMP... HAVING SEEN A SIGHT WHICH SEEMED TO BE OUT OF A NIGHTMARE!
I-I DID NOT MEAN TO FRIGHTEN YOU!
HELP!

COME BACK,!!
THAT SNAKE! I-I CAN'T GET OUT OF ITS WAY IN TIME!
SUDDENLY, A COLOURFUL, FAST-MOVING FIGURE SWINGS DOWN FROM ABOVE, AND...
GOT YOU!
OH!
NO ONE CAN TAKE HIM FROM ME!
BILLY--STAY UP THERE! DON'T LET GO!!
OWW! HIS SKIN IS HARD AS A DINOSAUR'S ARMOUR! I ALMOST BROKE MY HAND... AND HE HARDLY FELT IT!
THUD!
I'LL TRY TO HOLD HIM WITH MY WEB, UNTIL--NO! THAT'S NO GOOD, EITHER! HE SNAPPED IT WITH HIS TAIL AS IF IT WERE MADE OF PAPER!
JUST THEN, A FEMALE VOICE CRIES OUT, AND IT STRIKES A HIDDEN CHORD DEEP WITHIN THE LIZARD'S BREAST! SLOWLY HE TURNS, AND THEN SILENTLY SLITHERS INTO THE MURKY SWAMP...
BILLY! BILLY--WHERE ARE YOU?
MINUTES LATER...
MY HUSBAND! DID YOU SEE HIM? IS HE--?
HE'S ALRIGHT... FOR NOW! BUT HE GETS LESS HUMAN EACH MINUTE!
MOMMY! THAT MAN SAVED ME!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! I SAW PICTURES OF YOU! YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN!
THAT'S RIGHT, BILLY, AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU HOME SAFELY NOW!
I WANT TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND'S NOTES, MRS. CONNORS--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
IT'S A GOOD THING I'M THE BEST SCIENCE STUDENT IN SCHOOL! SO, THE KIDS MAKE FUN OF ME, AND CALL ME A BOOKWORM, DO THEY? WELL, THIS BOOKWORM IS GOING TO FIND AN ANTIDOTE FOR THE LIZARD!
GOSH! ARE YOU A SCIENTIST TOO, SPIDER-MAN?!
HOURS LATER...
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF I'M A SCIENTIST OR NOT! I'LL DROP A PELLET OF THE COMPOUND I CREATED INTO THIS TEST TUBE...
...WHEN IT HITS THE SOLUTION WITHIN, IF IT TURNS GREEN, THEN I'VE SUCCEEDED IN FINDING AN ANTIDOTE!! HERE GOES...
IT CHANGED COLOUR! I'VE DONE IT! ONCE THE LIZARD DRINKS THIS FORMULA, HE'LL REVERT TO HIS NORMAL SELF AGAIN!
BUT THERE IS STILL ONE PROBLEM REMAINING...

HOW AM I GOING TO GET HIM TO DRINK IT??
SPIDER-MAN... LOOK!
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO DOES NOT FEAR ME! ONCE I DESTROY YOU, ALL MANKIND WILL TREMBLE BEFORE THE LIZARD!!
QUICK...TAKE THE TEST TUBE! DON'T LET IT SPILL! I'VE GOT TO REASON WITH HIM!
YOU CAN'T! HE GROWS LESS HUMAN EACH MINUTE! HE--HE DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO KNOW ME NOW!
AT LAST I SEE FEAR IN YOUR EYES! FOR YOU KNOW I HAVE THE POWER TO RID THE WORLD OF SPIDER-MAN!
MY SKIN IS HARD AS ARMOUR, AND MY MUSCLES ARE EQUALLY STRONG! STRONGER BY FAR THAN YOURS!
HE'S RIGHT! HE'S HURLING THAT HUGE OAK DESK AS IF IT'S WEIGHTLESS!
HOW HELPLESS YOU ARE IN THE FACE OF MY BATTERING ATTACK!
DON'T KNOW WHERE TO TURN! HIS ARMS--HIS TAIL--ALL STRIKING AT ONCE--SUCH STRENGTH--IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
OHH!!
WITHIN A FEW SAVAGE SECONDS, THE UNEQUAL BATTLE IS ENDED...
NOW THERE IS NONE TO STOP ME! NOW I AM SUPREME!
ALL I NEED DO IS FEED MY SERUM TO OTHER LIZARDS, CROCODILES, ALLIGATORS!! I'LL BUILD A MIGHTY LIZARD ARMY!
BUT THE LIZARD HAS MADE HIS FIRST SERIOUS MISTAKE--UNDERESTIMATED THE STRENGTH AND STAMINA OF HIS SUPER-FOE!
SPIDER-MAN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!
HE KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME FOR A MINUTE! HE'S STRONGER THAN I HAD GUESSED!
IT IS NOT ONLY HIS STRENGTH THAT WAS AFFECTED, BUT HIS BRAIN! HE PLANS TO INJECT HIS SERUM IN GIANT LIZARDS, MAKING THEM LIKE ME IS... CREATING A SAVAGE, SUPER-POWERFUL LIZARD ARMY!
DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY LIZARDS THERE ARE ON EARTH?? MANKIND WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE!
HE MUST BE STOPPED, QUICKLY, BEFORE HE CREATES THE FIRST SUPER-LIZARD! OTHERWISE, THEY WILL MULTIPLY TOO FAST TO EVER BE CHECKED!
HERE IS THE ANTIDOTE! BUT HOW WILL YOU GET HIM TO DRINK IT?
I DON'T KNOW YET, BUT THE FIRST THING I MUST DO IS TRACK HIM DOWN NOW! YOU AND YOUR SON REMAIN HERE... I DON'T THINK HE WILL RETURN!
HE IS STRONGER THAN YOU... AND HE HAS BECOME RUTHLESS! PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GET HELP!
THERE ISN'T TIME FOR THAT! WHATEVER MUST BE DONE, MUST BE DONE BY SPIDER-MAN ALONE! I'LL BUILD SOME WEB SWAMP-SHOES FOR MY FEET...
D-DON'T HURT HIM, SPIDER-MAN! HE'S STILL... MY FATHER! SOB!
THE BOY IS RIGHT! BENEATH THE SAVAGE EXTERIOR OF THE LIZARD, IS A DECENT, TALENTED MAN! BUT HOW CAN I DEFEAT HIM--AND SAVE MYSELF--WITHOUT HARMING HIM??

LUCKILY, HIS TRAIL IS STILL RECENT ENOUGH FOR MY SPIDER-SENSE TO TRACK HIM! AND I CAN KEEP THESE SWAMP SNAKES AT BAY AS LONG AS MY WEB FLUID HOLDS OUT!
I SENSE HIM MORE CLEARLY THAN EVER NOW! HE MUST BE INSIDE THAT OLD ABANDONED SPANISH FORT!
AND NOW... FOR THE SHOWDOWN!
THERE HE IS! BUT... AM I TOO LATE?
THE SCENE IS SO AMAZING, SO FRAUGHT WITH DRAMA, THAT SPIDER-MAN TAKES A FEW FAST PICTURES OF IT, AS HE FRANTICALLY TRIES TO PLAN HIS NEXT MOVE!
HE'S SURROUNDED BY HUGE ALLIGATORS! BUT THEY SEEM TO BE OBEDIENT TO HIM!
AND NOW FOR OUR GREAT MOMENT, MY PETS...!
WE SHALL BE THE FIRST! THE FIRST OF EARTH'S NEW RULERS! THE HUMANS WILL HAVE NO PLACE TO RUN...NO PLACE TO HIDE FROM US! FOR THE LIZARDS ARE PART OF THE REPTILE FAMILY, WHICH INCLUDES YOU, THE SNAKES, AND ALL THE CRAWLING HORDES!
THINK OF THE COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF REPTILES IN THESE AREAS ALONE! ONCE I SPILL MY SERUM IN THE MURKY WATERS, NOTHING WILL STOP THE BIRTH OF A NEW RACE OF LIZARD CREATURES!
AND I SHALL BE THE MASTER! MASTER OF AN ENTIRE PLANET! NOW, FOLLOW ME, WHILE I GO TO PREPARE THE SERUM! OUR SUPREME MOMENT IS NEAR AT HAND!
GOOD! THEN I AM STILL IN TIME! HE HASN'T STARTED HIS DEADLY CHAIN REACTION YET!
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY, THE ANCIENT, TIME-WORN MORTER CRUMBLES BENEATH SPIDER-MAN'S WEIGHT, AND...
I'M FALLING!
YOU! YOU STILL LIVE!
WELL, THIS SOLVES MY FIRST PROBLEM... THE PROBLEM OF WHEN TO ATTACK! LOOKS LIKE IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
GET HIM, MY PETS! SPIDER-MAN MUST NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE!
YOU'VE HAD ALL THE INNINGS SO FAR, MAN!
NOW IT'S TIME FOR SPIDER-MAN TO SHOW WHAT HE CAN DO!
FIRST, I'LL GET UP TO THE TOP TURRET WHERE THE ALLIGATORS CAN'T REACH ME!
HAH! HE FORGETS THERE ARE THREE THOUSAND DIFFERENT KINDS OF LIZARDS ON EARTH, AND I HAVE THE POWERS OF ALL OF THEM! HAS HE NEVER SEEN A GECKO-LIZARD SLITHER UP A WALL?
HE BEAT ME TO THE TOP!! NOW I'M TRAPPED BETWEEN THE LIZARDS, AND THE 'GATORS BELOW!



POWER-PACK SPECIALS!

NOT ONLY DO WE GIVE A FREE SPIDER-MAN T-SHIRT WITH EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED IN POW...

BUT WE ALSO HAVE A HUGE BATCH OF HULK T-SHIRTS SPECIALLY FOR SALE TO SMASH READERS!

NO WAY INDEED! NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A STRUGGLE TO THE END IN THE DANK AND GLOOMY TOWER—*PLUS*, WE MUST ADMIT, ONE OR TWO RATHER *UNEXPECTED* HAPPENINGS. AND REMEMBER—*THE LIZARD* DOESN'T KNOW ANY OF THE RULES OF FAIR PLAY. (MAYBE WE DON'T EITHER, BECAUSE INSTEAD OF DROPPING *THE DOLLS*, *THE GROUP* AND *THE PYTHON* TO MAKE WAY FOR THE THRILLING END TO THIS TALE, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU WAIT A WHOLE SEVEN DAYS FOR IT!)

STORM UP TO YOUR NEWSAGENTS NOW!

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think P.O.W. is fabulous. SPIDER-MAN and NICK FURY are my favourite characters, and if I don't get a SPIDEY sweatshirt, I will go bonkers. Oh, by the way, why do you always have an exclamation mark after each sentence?!

John Griffiths,
Liverpool, 7.

We wish you wouldn't put a dot after each letter in the word 'POW' because it looks as though you mean 'Prisoner of War'! We put an exclamation mark after most sentences because they also seem so unbearingly exciting and completely important that they all need them!!!—and three more for luck—!!!

Alf and Bart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have made a SPIDER-MAN outfit out of a few odds and ends. I made the web out of a net bag and a camera—alias water-pistol—served as web-ejector and camera for collecting pictures of J. J. A paper bag with a few minor adjustments was the mask. I made paper boots and also trousers I have that would suit. If I am fortunate enough to have this letter printed, your present of a SPIDER-MAN T-shirt would complete my gear.

Alan Dickey,
Ballymena.

Being dedicated to selling even more copies of POW, we can't let this urgent request go unheeded. Think of all the publicity we'll get when you walk all over the opposition at your local fancy dress competition in your full SPIDEY rig!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have had all the power comics and I really enjoy them. SPIDER-MAN and NICK FURY are my favourites. I can hardly wait for Mondays to come as these power comics are my main source of enjoyment when I have my bath.
P.S. I wonder if I'm your only reader whose birthday is on leap year's day.

Nicholas Cowan,
Bath, Somerset.

Maybe—but we all leap about when it's birthday time.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Here is a tip for all POWer-packed people: cut out the power symbol on the front page of all your comics and stick it on a piece of cardboard; tape a safety pin on the back, and you've got a smashing badge.

Alan Cuthbertron,
Coventry, Warks.

Good idea—trouble is, the office boy won't let us have any safety pins because he uses them to keep his trousers together. (We pay our office boys LOW!).

Alf and Bart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have got all the POWs, and I think they are the greatest. I lent one to a friend the other day and do you know what? He said he did not like it, so I went berserk! If he had not been a friend he would have got a life-sized imprint of "The Power Comic" emblem in one of his eyes.

David Hughes,
London, N.W.7.

Your ex-friend is walking about with a Power Comic symbol on his head, eh? Oh, well—any form of advertising is good, we suppose!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Not so long ago, I bought the comic called SMASH, intending it for my brother who is five. But after reading the cover page I just had to read on, and I honestly thought it great. And now I buy all of the POWer comics, SMASH, WHAM, POW, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC. They also are intended for my brother but he never has them before I've read them.
I am 17, and a girl, and I would rather read a Power Comic than a love book, because there's so much excitement and imagination in the comics.
If you do so happen to read my letter, and print it, don't send me a SPIDER-MAN tea-shirt, because even though my little brother is too young to read or write properly, he loves them, too, and would love a tea-shirt to show his friends.

S. Marten,
Wyesham, Monmouth.

Power Comics are love-books, Miss S.—because people seem to love them so much! And let's hope your little brother loves us even more when we send him his tea-shirt (say—what's that—something you drink tea in?).

Alf and Bart.

IMPORTANT! Fill in the coupon below.

MY FAVOURITE FEATURE IN POW! IS :—

.....

THE FEATURE I DON'T LIKE IS :—

.....

MY AGE IS :—.....

SEND IN YOUR LETTER RIGHT AWAY!

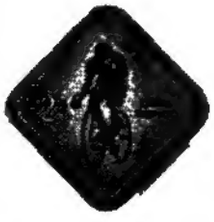
YOUNG ANGLERS GO FOR ANGLER'S MAIL

ONLY 6d EVERY FRIDAY

Every week in Angler's Mail you'll find the most helpful, friendly advice specially written for you by Britain's top angling experts—Peter Wheat on coarse fishing, Derek Fletcher on sea angling. In every issue your own angling Pen Pals column with the choice of a Milbro sea rod or a Mitchell fixed-spool reel for the best letter of the week from a reader under 16.

PLUS VALUABLE FREE PRIZES EVERY WEEK

Top-quality Rods and Reels to be won in the fairest-ever specimen fish contests.



144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps *FREE OF CHARGE* together with a selection of Approvals.

Please enclose 4d. postage.
Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gifts and Approvals as advertised to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO., LTD., (Dept. DI)
BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

FREE!

25 NATURE STAMPS

To get this fabulous free gift of stamps showing animals, birds, flowers, etc., together with a selection of Approvals, just fill in the coupon below and enclose 4d. for postage.

Please tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JET STAMPS (Dept. NP22), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP.

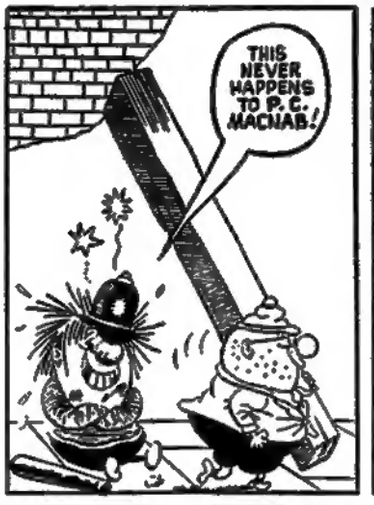
KICKS

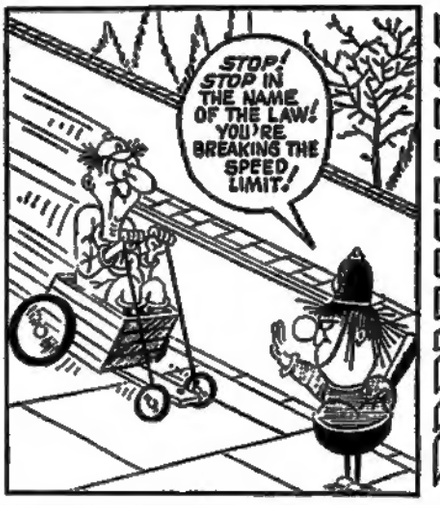
GOSH! I'D GET A KICK OUT OF BEING A POLICEMAN! NO ONE TELLS POLICEMEN TO BEAT IT!

HEH! HEH! I FEEL ALL POWERFUL ALREADY!

COME ALONG NOW—GET THAT WOOD SHIFTED! YOU'RE BLOCKING THE PAVEMENT!
BONK!
BONK!
BONK!

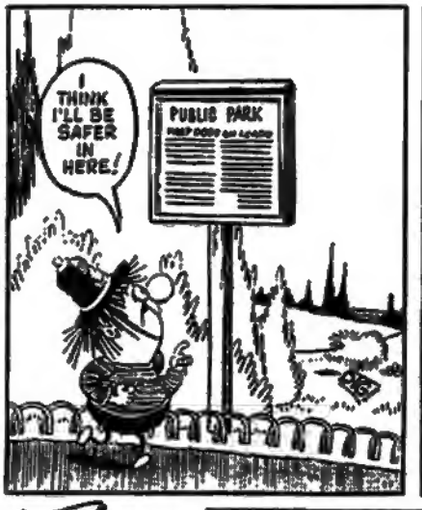
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE NO POLICEMAN!
SPLAT!


THIS NEVER HAPPENS TO P.C. MACNAB!


STOP! STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! YOU'RE BREAKING THE SPEED LIMIT!

CRASH!

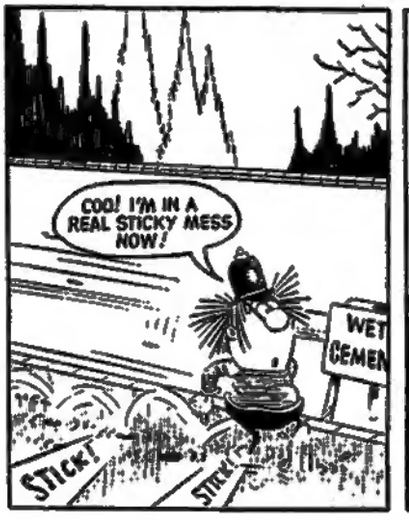
AAGH!
SOME FOLKS HAVE GOT NO RESPECT FOR THE LAW!
SORRY, KICKS! NO BRAKES! HEH! HEH!

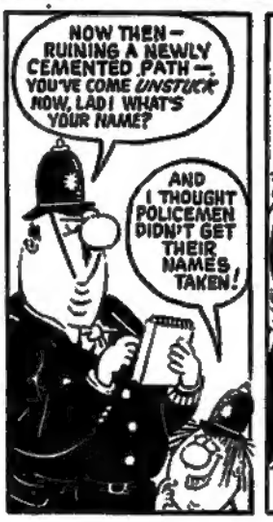

I THINK I'LL BE SAFER IN HERE!
PUBLIC PARK

NOW THEN—WHAT'S YOUR NAME, LAD? DAMAGING PUBLIC PROPERTY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE!

NOW, NOW! DON'T TAKE IT THAT WAY!
GAAA!

HELP! HELP!
GNASH!
GRRRT
SNARL!


COO! I'M IN A REAL STICKY MESS NOW!
WET CEMEN
STICK!
STICK

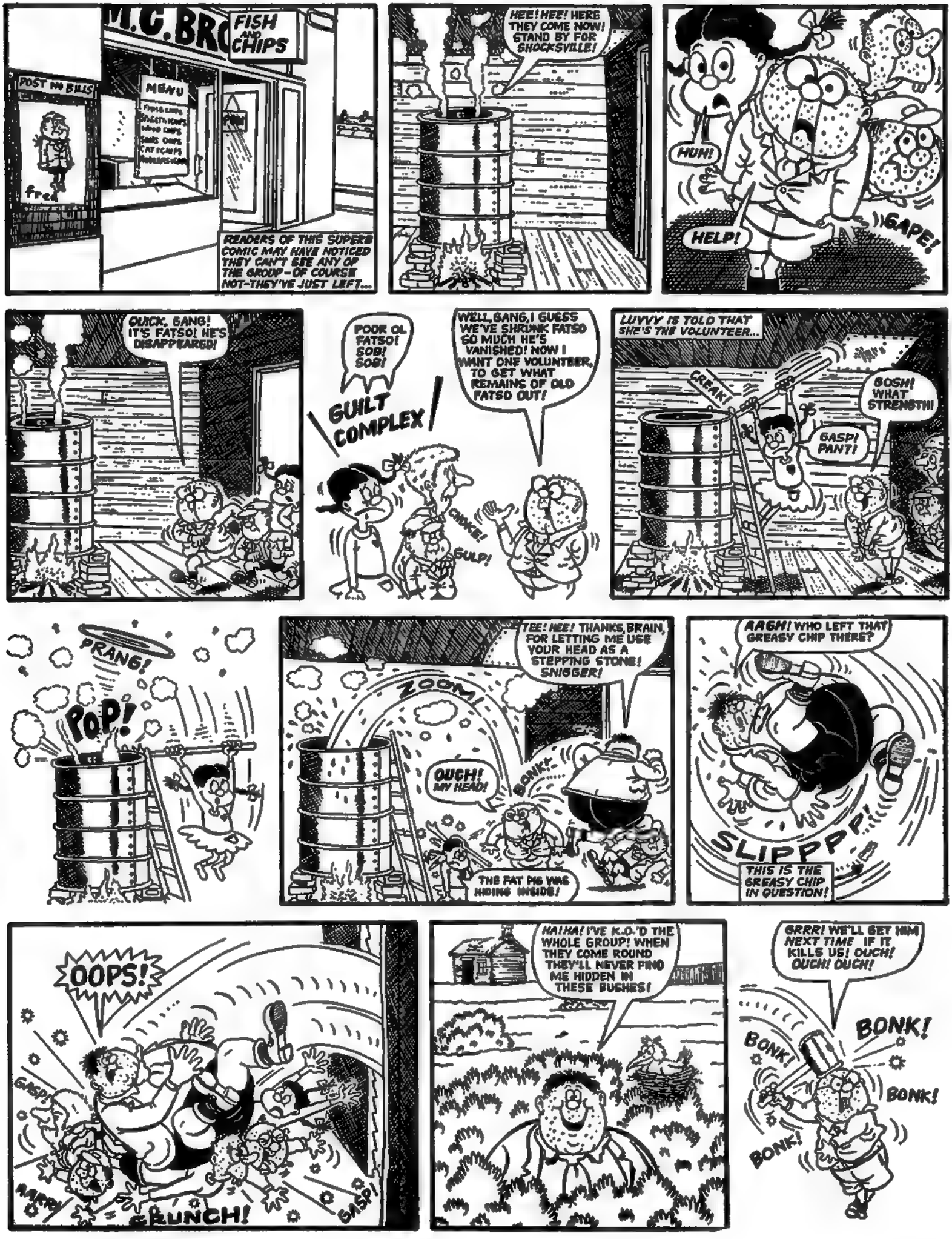

NOW THEN—RUINING A NEWLY CEMENTED PATH—YOU'VE COME UNSTUCK NOW, LAD! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
AND I THOUGHT POLICEMEN DIDN'T GET THEIR NAMES TAKEN!

WELL, HE'S CERTAINLY GOT THE FEET TO BE A COP—THEY'RE BIG ENOUGH! HO! HO!
BAH!
CLOMP!
CLUMP!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!

The Dolls of
ST. DOMINIC'S
CAN'T GET AN ERRAND BOY FOR LOVE OR MONEY - EVERY KID KNOWS THAT WE DELIVER TO ST. DOMINIC'S!
ERRAND BOY WANTED
I AIN'T SCARED OF DAMES - I'LL TAKE THE JOB!
BIP!
HE LOOKS TOUGH - HE MIGHT JUST DO IT!
IF ONE OF THEM TRIES TO KISS ME, I'LL MASH HER MAKE-UP!
ST. DOMINIC TRADE EXHIBITION
SELF RAISING FLOUR
SELF RAISING FLOUR, EH? THE TEACHER MUST BE GETTING A RISE! HEH! HEH!
AAGH!
I'M GETTING ONE AS WELL!
HEH! HEH! I LOVE RAISING LITTLE LADS!
WAH! PUT ME DOWN - OR I'LL BRAIN YOU!
SELF RAISING FLOUR
COO! ISN'T HE CUTE?
GRRRR!
RUGGEDLY HANDSOME! HE MAKES A SMASHING PIN-UP!
SELF RAISING FLOUR
AAGH! NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! DON'T KISS ME!
GO ON - ADMIT IT! YOU'RE 'STUCK' ON ME!
COO! HE'S CERTAINLY STUCK TO THE PLASTER!
PANIC!
COR! DIRTY ROTTEN COWARD - HE'S HOPPED IT!
I RECKON HE FELL FOR YOU, LULU!
AAGH!
CRASH!
DOWNSTAIRS...
OH, DEAR - DON'T TELL ME! YOU'RE THE DOLL'S LATEST PIN-UP!
ZOOM!
CRUNCH!
ST TRINIAN'S WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!
HURRY! HURRY! GET IT OUT! FASTER!

HEH! HEH! HERE HE IS, GIRLS! WE'VE FOUND HIM!
OOER! THAT MUST BE MARYGOLD THE BULK!
GRRR! ONE STEP NEARER AND I'LL PLASTER YOU! GRRR!
OOH! I SAY - WHAT A NASTY LITTLE MAN!
ER! I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! YOU-ER FORGOT YOUR FLOUR!
SELF RAISING FLOUR
HAVE IT BACK! HEH! HEH!
AAGH! YOU ROTTEN CHEAT!
OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR, DEAR!
THUD!
YOU'RE A LITTLE PALE - I THINK WE'D BETTER PUT YOU TO BED!
PALE? - AND I'LL BE KICKING THE BUCKET PRETTY SOON, TOO!
GRRR! THERE'S NOT A BED MADE THAT CAN HOLD ME! I'LL SOON BE OUT OF THIS!
BUT LATER...
WELL WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES - DON'T WE?
AAGH! NO! THEY'RE STARTING!
SLURP!
AAGH! IT'S HORRIBLE! GET THEM AWAY! WAH-AAH!
KISS!
HEH! HEH! HE WAS COVERED IN FLOUR - SO WE PUT HIM IN THE-ER-FLOWER BED!
WHAT A KISSER! SMOOCH!
HERE WE GO AGAIN! SIGH!
ERRAND BOY WANTED

THE GROUP
BRAIN
LUVVY
FATSO
STUPID
SHRIMP
RINGO
SLURP! SLURP!
THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT SATURDAY MORNING PICTURES- IT GIVES YOU AN APPETITE! I HOPE FATSO'S GOT OUR FISH 'N' CHIPS READY FROM THE SHOP!
HE'LL HAVE 'EM, BRAIN!
MEANWHILE, AT THE GROUP'S HUT...
MMM-LOVELY-FIVE FULL PLATES OF FISH, CHIPS AND PEAS! JUST WHAT A GROWING BOY NEEDS TO KEEP HIS STRENGTH UP!
BURP!
BELCH!
FATSO'S GOT THE FOOD, ALL RIGHT!
HEY, FATSO! IS OUR GRUB READY YET?
WHAT-EH! AAGH! O LOR! THE GANG'S BACK!
CRACK!
SPLINTER
YOU GREAT GREEDY OAF! YOU SMASHED OUR ONLY CHAIR, TOO! GRRR!
YOU'VE EATEN ALL OUR LOVELY GRUB-YOU FAT PIG! FOR THAT WE'RE GOING TO SLIM YOU DOWN! FIRST, STEAM TREATMENT!
QUAKE!
NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! PLEASE! MERCY!
GALLOPING GROUPS, BRAIN! OL' FATTY IS FIFTY FIVE INCHES AROUND THE WAIST!
MUVVER HELP ME! GULP!
YOU'RE OVER-WEIGHT-AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO REDUCE THIS FLABBY FRONT!
the Group's Place
RIGHT, GANG! GRAB HIM!
GET OFF ME! HELP! MURDER! POLICE! HELP! AAAAGH!!
ONE TRUSSED FAT FOOL READY FOR BOILING!
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST RIVET HAMMERED IN! THIS SHOULD STOP HIM FROM GETTING OUT!
BANG!
THAT'S FIXED YOU, FATSO, WE'RE OFF NOW TO GET SOME MORE FISH AND CHIPS FROM THE CHIPPY!
HELLO! WHAT'S OUR FAT PAL UP TO?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, READERS, I'M NOT COOKED YET! WATCH THIS! DOWN WE GO! SNIGGER!
WINK!


M.C. BRO
FISH AND CHIPS
POST NO BILLS
MENU
fred
READERS OF THIS SUPERB COMIC MAY HAVE NOTICED THEY CAN'T SEE ANY OF THE GROUP - OF COURSE NOT - THEY'VE JUST LEFT...
HEE! HEE! HERE THEY COME NOW! STAND BY FOR SHOCKSVILLE!
HUH!
HELP!
GAPE!
QUICK, GANG! IT'S FATSO! HE'S DISAPPEARED!
POOR OL FATSO! SOB! SOB!
GUILT COMPLEX
CHOKE!
GULP!
WELL, GANG, I GUESS WE'VE SHRUNK FATSO SO MUCH HE'S VANISHED! NOW I WANT ONE VOLUNTEER, TO GET WHAT REMAINS OF OLD FATSO OUT!
LUVVY IS TOLD THAT SHE'S THE VOLUNTEER...
CREAK!
GASP! PANT!
BOSH! WHAT STRENGTH!
PRANG!
POP!
TEE! HEE! THANKS, BRAIN, FOR LETTING ME USE YOUR HEAD AS A STEPPING STONE! SNIGGER!
ZOOM!
OUCH! MY HEAD!
BONK!
THE FAT PIG WAS HIDING INSIDE!
AAGH! WHO LEFT THAT GREASY CHIP THERE?
SLIPPP!
THIS IS THE GREASY CHIP IN QUESTION!
OOPS!
GASP!
MARRY
CRUNCH!
GASP!
HA! HA! I'VE K.O.'D THE WHOLE GROUP! WHEN THEY COME ROUND THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME HIDDEN IN THESE BUSHES!
GRRR! WE'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME IF IT KILLS US! OUCH! OUCH! OUCH!
BONK!
BONK!
BONK!
BONK!

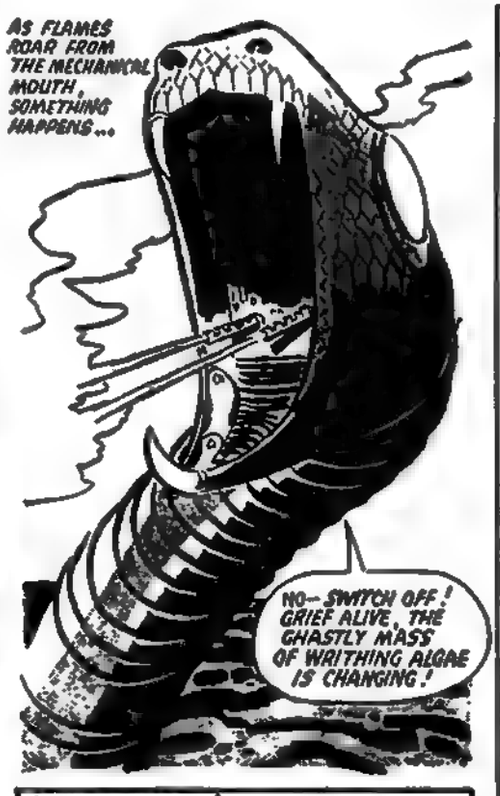
Jack Magic

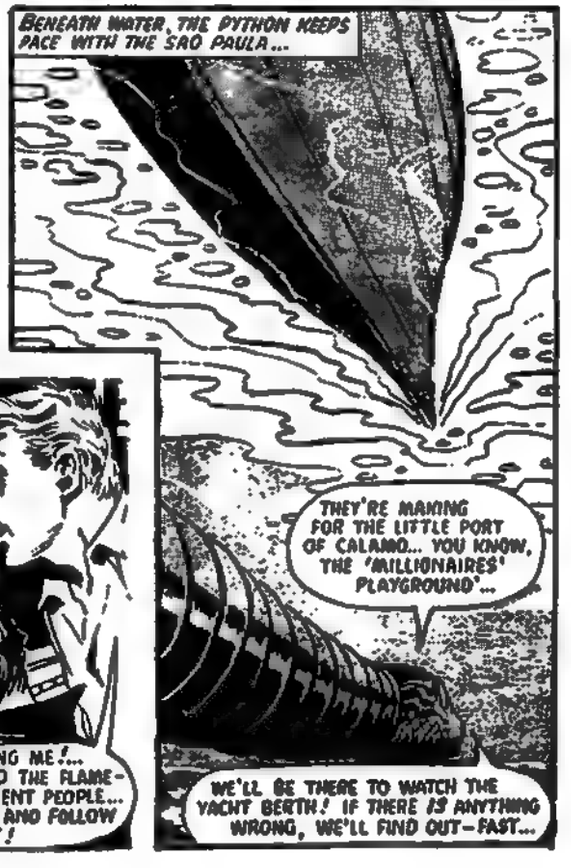
JACK, WHO HAS A MAGIC BOTTLE THAT CASTS SPELLS OFTEN IN A MOST PECULIAR WAY, HAS BEEN BEFRIENDED BY STEPHEN MAGGS, AN INVENTOR. WITH THE HELP OF JACK'S MAGIC BOTTLE HE HAS INVENTED A WONDER CAR THAT RUNS ON TEA. 'TWISTY' TURNER, A RIVAL, IS ABOUT TO WRECK THE CAR, WHEN JACK'S ODD MAGIC STRIKES AGAIN!

SO, AFTER AN EARLY BREAKFAST...
THERE'S PLENTY OF TEA IN THE POT, JACK— LET'S GO AND FILL UP THE CAR!
...THEY TRUNDLE OFF TO TOWN!
OUR FIRST STOP, JACK, WILL BE THE LOCAL PATENTS OFFICE, WHERE I SHALL REGISTER THIS TEA-PROPELLED VEHICLE AS BEING MY OWN INVENTION!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT I'M SURE IT MUST BE IMPORTANT!
BUT GUESS WHO WAS THERE FIRST?
NEXT, PLEASE!
THAT'S ME! STAND ASIDE!
IT'S TWISTY TURNER!
HE HAS THE MANNERS OF A LOUT! I HOPE HE IS SOON ORDERED OUT!
THE MAGIC BOTTLE HEARS JACK'S WISH... AND SOON PUTS IT INTO EFFECT!
GET OUT!
NEXT, PLEASE!
THEY LOOK SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE THE NOTES ON THE CAR THAT DISAPPEARED LAST NIGHT!
NEVER MIND ABOUT THEM... WE'VE GOT THE CAR!
BUT STEPHEN MAGGS HAS HARDLY BEGUN TO EXPLAIN ABOUT HIS INVENTION, WHEN...
OH, NO... NOT ANOTHER NUTTER WHO THINKS HE CAN DRIVE A CAR ON TEA! GET OUT... OUT... OUT!
OH, DEAR, WHAT A BAD START... PERHAPS NO ONE WILL BELIEVE THAT THIS CAR RUNS ON TEA... AND IF THEY DON'T AND I CAN'T SELL THE IDEA... I'LL BE BROKE, WITHOUT EVEN THE PRICE OF A CUP OF TEA!
MAGGS SENDS THE TEA IN HIS CAR UP TO BOILING POINT NEXT WEEK WHEN THE LAW GIVES CHASE!

THE PYTHON

SOMETHING STRANGE AND TERRIBLE HAPPENS TO THE LUXURY YACHT SAO PAULA AS SHE RETURNS TO SOUTH AMERICA. FROM WITHIN THEIR FANTASTIC MACHINE, 'THE PYTHON', DON MASON AND VIC DAWES SEE THE YACHT CHANGE TO A SPONGY EVIL MASS – THAT IS ALIVE! THEY DECIDE TO DESTROY THE MENACE...





MUSIC ECHOES FROM CALAMO'S CAFÉS...
SOME YACHT, EH? HULLO, SHE'S COMING IN A BIT FAST!
SHE'LL BUMP SOMETHING IF SOMEONE'S NOT CAREFUL!
THERE ARE SCREAMS OF ALARM...
MADRE DE RIOS! HAS THE CAPTAIN GONE MAD?
HELP!
AAAEEEH!
THEN...
IT RAMS THE QUAY!... NO CRASH... THE YACHT LOOKS LIKE A SPONGE!
AGAIN WATERS BOIL...
VIC! VIC! IT'S THE ALGAE- EXPANDING!
IT'S ABSORBING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!
THE SPONGE FORM CHANGES...
A HAND! A GIANT HAND! IT- IT'S GROWING!
NO! IT'S CHANGING FORM! IT'S ALIVE!
BUT NOW...
AAAAAAGH! FOR PITY'S SAKE!
LATER, TWENTY MILES INLAND AT BELO GONA, THE PYTHON SURFACES...
CARAMBA! A DEVIL FROM THE DEEP!
TELL THE MILITIA! RUN! RUN!
MEANWHILE, AT THE THREATENED PORT...
EVERYTHING'S BEING ENGULFED! A- A LIVING MASS OF- SOMETHING- IS TAKING US OVER!
WE WERE RIGHT FIRST TIME... NOW WE'RE TOO LATE! DON, WHAT DO WE DO?
HEAD FOR THE ADMINISTRATION CENTRE AT BELO GONA! WE'LL ALERT THE GOVERNMENT- GET THEM TO WARN THEIR SCIENTISTS AND INVESTIGATE! IT'S A NATIONAL EMERGENCY! THE PYTHON'S GOING ASHORE!
NEXT WEEK: THE PHONEY FOAM RUNS WILD!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

NO PRIZES—but guess who was broadcasting recently on the Home Service of the B.B.C.! If you immediately answered "Affable Al!" remind us never to play guessing games with you for money. Because you'd be absolutely right. To bring you up to date, just in case you didn't catch the broadcast, Al! was kept busy answering the interested questions put to him and talking about his favourite subject—POWER PAPERS and POWER PEOPLE. And a few weeks earlier he broadcast a cosy chat on the same subject for the B.B.C. overseas programmes. So it looks like the whole world is getting to know about us and you! Hooo Boy! Doesn't it feel just great to be famous?

• • • • •

But while we're having a ball, our super-heroes are doing all the work. Currently, Spider-man in POW is in the middle of a ding-dong duel with the Lizard, who is one of the most interesting villains old Spidey has ever met. And if you haven't met the Lizard yet we would humbly suggest that you hasten to put that right by laying a hand on the first POW you can find. Because villains like the Lizard aren't found under every flat stone. And whilst all this is going on in POW, in WHAM, the Fantastic Four are facing the super-apes on the moon. And that's only some of the excitement, because FANTASTIC'S IRON MAN has a date in Egypt with Cleopatra. (Yes! You heard right the first time!) THOR is thudding away on the THUG, and—if you really want drama!—it's "Captured one X-Man!" Because the Angel is in the clutches of Magneto! ERK!

TWENTY PROUD POWER PACK PEOPLE

Philip Byrne, Holborn, London, W.C.1; Tony Williams, Quinton, Birmingham; Bernard Eccles, Rugeley, Staffs; Christopher Nimako, Chesham, Herts; M. Thackeray, Ashford, Middx; Michael Matterson, Bute Green, Bognor Regis; Martin Rose, Stockport; Christopher Ryles, Nantwich, Cheshire; Brenda Bourne, Wolverhampton, Staffs; Patrick Rampen, London, N.1; Paul Sharp, Eltham, London, S.E.9; Nicholas Dobson, Hillsborough, Kent; John Webb, Greenford, Middx; Keith Richardson, Midlothian, Scotland; Frank Krasnik, Huntingdon; Adrian Summers, Wickford, Essex; Paul Morris, Bristol 6; Barry Hayes, Blackpool, Lancs; Richard Polent, Hawley, Kent; Michael Nibb, Essington, Staffs.

• • • • •

As you might imagine from all this, we're so busy keeping up with all the world-shattering events that are happening inside the office, that if the whole row of buildings opposite collapsed we probably wouldn't even notice! Meantime, stand straight—'cos we know you're out there!

Radiator hinges forward ☐ Press front of car to fire forward block buster rocket ☐ Press rear to fire four harpoons—one at a time or all together ☐ Lady Penelope and Parker ☐ Sliding cockpit canopy ☐ Jewelled headlights ☐ Suspension ☐ Authentic colours ☐ Superb finish ☐ Plated details ☐ Number plate ☐ Length 5¾" ☐ Retail Price 15/11d.

ASK FOR A DINKY® FAB 1

From Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.

Always something new from DINKY TOYS Manufactured by Meccano Ltd · Binns Rd · Liverpool

NOBBY'S
NIGHT MARES
COME ON, NOBBY! IT'S YOUR TURN!
WHIRR
OH, NO! WE'VE JUST STARTED AND HE'S FAST ASLEEP ALREADY!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
I SUPPOSE HE'LL BE HAVING ONE OF HIS BLOOMING NIGHTMARES NEXT!
AS NOBBY'S HEAD IS THE TRICKLE THROUGH...
HEH! HEH! NOBBY'S PAL IS RIGHT! WE'LL GIVE HIM A NIGHTMARE ALL RIGHT! ALL ABOUT SNAKES AND LADDERS — IT'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH!
HEH! HEH! I'M PETE PIE-THON— I LOVE PIES! ESPECIALLY NOBBY PIES! SLURP! SLURP!
RIGHT, CHAPS — LET'S GET STARTED! YOU KNOW THE RULES —UP THE LADDERS AND DOWN THE SNAKES!
COME ON! UP YOU GET, NOBBY MARE!
I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS GAME!
WELL, LADDER— WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
I RECKON WE THROW THE DIE AGAIN!
HEH! HEH! I'LL THROW IT!
COO! THAT CERTAINLY KNOCKED HIM FOR SIX!
BONK!
AAGH!
AARGH! NO! HELP! HELP!
COO! THAT MUST BE A WHOPPER OF A NIGHTMARE!
THAT'S IT, NOBBY! YOU KNOW THE RULES! DOWN THE SNAKES! HEH! HEH! HEH!
HE WENT DOWN RATHER WELL!
AAGH! HELP! LET ME OUT!

BETTER WASH HIM DOWN WITH A BOTTLE OF VENOM VINO!
GLUG! GLUG!
AAGH! YOU LONG SKINNY SNAKE! YOU'RE SOAKING ME!
ATCHOO! ATCHOO! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I'VE CAUGHT A BLOOMING COLD!
OOER! I'LL COP IT FOR THIS!
OH, DEAR! I'VE GOT THE HICCUPS NOW! I MUST HAVE DRUNK THAT STUFF TOO QUICKLY!
HIC!
GULP! I'VE BROUGHT UP MY DIN!
HIC!
YAHOO! THE BIG TWERP'S HICCUPPED ME OUT!
HELP! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? HOP IT, YOU LITTLE FOOL!
WHEEE!!
OH, NO! HE'S RUNG THE GONG! HE'LL WAKE NOBBY!
DONG!
DONG!
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS THAT'S OVER! AND THANK GOODNESS I WOKE UP!
MAYBE WE CAN GET ON WITH OUR GAME NOW!
HO! HO! YOU'VE GOT TO GO DOWN THAT SNAKE, NOBBY!
SN-SNAKE?
NO, NO! I WON'T! I WON'T! AAGH!
COO! HE'S A BAD LOSER!
TEMPLE THEATRE
NOBBY WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME AGAIN! I'VE BEEN GIVEN THE SACK!

IT'S TERRIFIC!

Just in case there is anyone who still has doubts about this being the age of Power, here is the latest proof.

It all started with WHAM . . . and you saw it! We gave you SMASH . . . and you bought it! We introduced POW . . . and you read it! And when we followed with FANTASTIC . . . you saved up for it!

And still we heard the cry for more!

Well, you know us! We don't like to stand by and see people waste money on non-essentials like food and other such luxuries when they can buy a new Power Comic instead . . . so here's our latest effort in the selfless cause of serving humanity. It's . . .

TERRIFIC

AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ALL-STAR LINE-UP . . .

Reg TM & © Marvel Comics Group

And if you are wondering what Thor and Iron Man are doing in TERRIFIC . . . heh! heh! That's just what we wanted you to wonder!

The wondrous FREE gift itself is sufficient to bring about riots! And TERRIFIC will be a sensation next Saturday. We just hope YOU'LL be one of the lucky ones who get to the shops early enough.

NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION!

"The END of HYDRA!"

CO-STARRING DUM DUM DUGAN—FURY'S FAST-SHOOTING, LOUD-TALKING RIGHT HAND...!

...NOT TO MENTION THE GUY WHO *STARTED* ALL THE TROUBLE—IMPERIAL HYDRA!

TONY STARK (KNOWN TO YOU POWER PACK PEOPLE BY HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF IRON MAN) CLIMBS INTO HIS BRAINO-SAUR IN A DO-OR-DIE ATTEMPT TO RENDER HARMLESS HYDRA'S BETATRON BOMB WHICH IS CIRCLING THE EARTH—DESIGNED TO EXPLODE ON THE SLIGHTEST CONTACT.

EXACTLY TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE [illegible] LATER, THE MIGHTY TWO-STAGE ATLAS BOOSTER BLASTS OFF FROM THE HELI-CARRIER'S BUILT-IN LAUNCH PAD...

RRUUOOSH!!

ONLY *STARK* COULD HAVE DESIGNED A LAUNCH SETUP LIKE *THIS* ONE! BY DISSIPATING THE SHOCK RECOIL THROUGH A LOWER AIR-CHAMBER, THE CARRIER REMAINS PERFECTLY STABLE AND VIBRATIONLESS!

BUT, EVEN AS THE BRILLIANT WEAPONRY INVENTOR PILOTS HIS BRAINO-SAUR ON ITS FATEFUL MISSION, *NICK FURY* CONTINUES *HIS* BATTLE WITHIN THE VERY NERVE-CENTRE OF *HYDRA* ITSELF...!

FURY AND THE GIRL *CAN'T* STILL BE ALIVE! THEY MUST HAVE... *UNHHH..!*

DON'T *SET* ON IT, BUTTERCUP! THAT *VENTILATION DUCT* WAS ALL WE NEEDED TILL THE COMA GAS COULD BLOW AWAY!

CLANK!

STOP HIM! IF HE MANAGES TO...! *UHHH!!*

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1966

SO *YOU'RE* THE CREEPS WHO CALL YOURSELVES HYDRA *TIGERS*, HUH? YOU LOOK MORE LIKE A COUPLE OF *PUSSYCATS* TO ME!

THONK

STOP *SQUIRMING* DOWN THERE! I'LL GET TO *YOU!* IN A MINUTE!

THERE YOU ARE, CHUM! I WASN'T ABOUT TO *FORGET* YOU!

HURRY, COLONEL! THE *OTHERS* MUST *ALREADY* BE ON THEIR WAY TO ATTACK US!

WELL, GOODY GUMDROPS!

BOK!

JUST STAY BEHIND ME AND LET OL' *FURY* DO THE WORRYIN' KID! WE GOT THOSE TWO GORILLAS' POP GUNS, AND WE'RE *FREE!* AIN'T *NOTHING* GOING TO STOP US *NOW!*

LISTEN! GUNFIRE... JUST AHEAD! C'MON! LET'S JOIN THE PARTY!

KRAK! BUKKA! BUKKA!

COLONEL, EVEN IF YOU DO ESCAPE FROM HERE, WHAT CAN YOU DO?... WHAT CAN SHIELD DO, AGAINST MY FATHER'S BETATRON BOMB?
WE'RE NOT EXACTLY A KNITTING SOCIETY, LADY! WE GOT A COUPLE OF TRICKS UP OUR SLEE.. HOLD IT!
THOSE VOICES SHOUTIN' OVER THE GUNFIRE! ONE OF THEM IS DUM DUM!
KEEP POURING IT INTO THEM! IT'S THEM OR US!
HYDRA TIGERS... HEADING FOR DUM DUM'S SHIELD SQUAD ON SKATE BOARDS! THOSE MURDERING CLOWNS DON'T MISS A TRICK!
HAIL HYDRA! PREPARE FOR BATTLE PLAN "APACHE"!
FATHER'S MOST DANGEROUS TASK FORCE! NOTHING CAN STOP THEM!
BRRRRRRR
BATTLE PLAN "APACHE", BORROWED FROM THE OLD-TIME INDIAN ATTACKS ON WAGON TRAINS..BUT FAR, FAR MORE DEADLY...!
KEEP CIRCLING! FIRE AT WILL!
PAKOW!
KRAK!
LET 'EM HAVE IT! KEEP FIRING!
BLAT!
THEY'RE OUTNUMBERED.. BOXED IN.. WHY DON'T THEY GIVE UP?!!
THOK
BAWM!
BRAK!
BUKKA-BUKKA!
CEASE FIRING! PREPARE TO USE POLE HOOKS! ...NOW!
SO THAT'S WHAT THOSE BLASTED OVERSIZED PITCHFORKS ARE FOR! OKAY, YOU CREEPS! WE DIDN'T NEED THAT FLYNE WEDGE ANY-WAY!
C'MON, YOU GOLD-BRICKS! HERE'S WHERE WE RAM THOSE HAIL HYDRA'S DOWN THEIR UGLY THROATS!
FALSE BRAVADO! THEY'RE BEATEN.. AND THEY KNOW IT!
MISTER, YOU GOT A BIG MOUTH! NOBODY SAYS A SHIELD AGENT IS BEATEN! NOT IF HE WANTS TO STAY HEALTHY!
FURY!! YOU OL' SON OF A SEA GOAT! WE KNEW YOU WERE TOO TOUGH TO DIE!
WAH-HOOO!
PA-KOW!
THOK
KNOCK OFF THE SPEECHES AND LEAN ON THEM TRIGGERS! THESE TIGERS AREN'T HERE TO BAKE US A CAKE!
THEIR MORALE SPARKED TO NEW HEIGHTS BY THE DRAMATIC APPEARANCE OF NICK FURY, THE HARD-BITTEN AGENTS OF SHIELD FACE THEIR STARTLED FOES WITH RENEWED VIGOUR, FIGHTING AS NEVER BEFORE...!
WE'VE GOT THEM! ON THE RUN! KEEP THEM BLASTING! THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!
IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES, EH, NICK? NO ONE CAN STOP A HOWLER!
MOVE IT, YOU MEATHEADS! WE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO!
KEEP THAT CHOPPER BARKING, GABE! IT'S THE ONLY LANGUAGE THOSE GREEN-HOODED GOONS UNDERSTAND!
I HEAR YOU TALKING, COLONEL, AND IT'S MUSIC TO THESE OLD EARS!
KAPPA-KAPPA!
PA-KOW!
THOK-KA-THOK

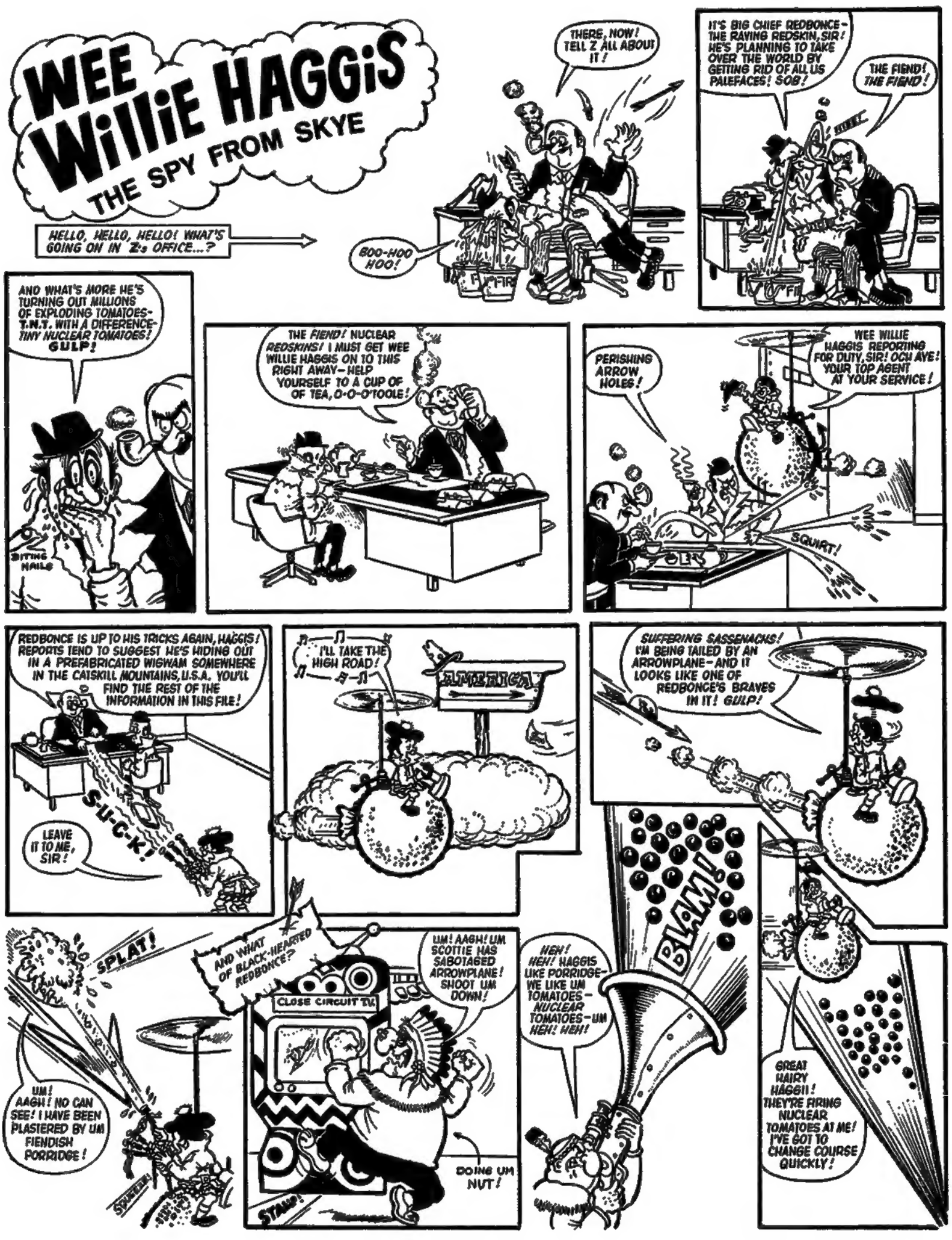
THEY'VE BEATEN OUR TIGER SQUAD! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT??
IT SEEMS WE HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THE AGENTS OF SHIELD! THERE IS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!
YOU MEAN... OPERATION LAST RESORT ?!!
BUT, IMPERIAL HYDRA... YOU CANNOT DO IT! YOUR OWN DAUGHTER.. SHE IS THERE WITH FURY! SHE ...!
SILENCE!!! DO YOU THINK I AM NOT AWARE OF THAT ?!! BUT SHE HAS BROUGHT IT UPON HER OWN HEAD! SHE HAS CHOSEN TO TAKE SIDES WITH THE ENEMY!
I HAVE DEVOTED A LIFETIME TO THE CREATION OF HYDRA! SHALL I WATCH MY LIFE'S WORK CRUMBLE... BECAUSE OF ONE DISLOYAL FEMALE ?
AND YET, I DID IT ALL FOR HER! I WANTED TO GIVE HER EVERY-THING! I WANTED THE WORLD TO BE AT HER FEET!
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM THIS WAY... HE HAS FORGOTTEN THAT WE'RE HERE!
LIKE A MAN IN A TRANCE!
HAIL HYDRA!
I SHALL GO TO THE "DESTRUCT ROOM"! THERE, IN ORDER TO SAVE MY LIFE'S WORK, I MUST DESTROY THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD TO ME...!
AND, AS IMPERIAL HYDRA PREPARES FOR HIS MOST MOMENTOUS DECISION, TONY STARK GUIDES HIS FANTASTIC BRAINO-SAUR INTO THE SAME ORBIT AS HYDRA'S DREADED BETATRON BOMB...
THE MOMENT IS HERE! EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON ACHIEVING A FLAWLESS RENDEZVOUS!
I HAD TO PILOT THIS MISSILE MYSELF! THERE WASN'T TIME TO INSTRUCT ANYONE ELSE IN ITS COMPLEX OPERATION!
NOW, EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON THE ACCURACY OF THE RETRO-ROCKET BLASTS! THE SLIGHTEST MISCALCULATION COULD SET OFF THE BOMB!
I'VE ONLY ENOUGH FUEL FOR ONE ATTEMPT! IF I OVERSHOOT THE MARK, I'LL GO HURTLING OFF INTO SPACE... FOREVER! AND, IF I MIS-JUDGE THE FORCE OF IMPACT, THE LIVES OF MILLIONS ON EARTH BELOW WILL BE FORFEIT!
BUT, IT MUST BE DONE! MANKIND CANNOT LIVE UNDER THE HEEL OF HYDRA! IN THE NAME OF SHIELD... IN THE NAME OF UNIVERSAL FREEDOM... I CANNOT FAIL!
THEN, GUIDED BY THE SKILLED HANDS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST WEAPONRY GENIUS, THE RETROS ARE FIRED... BRINGING STARK'S BRAINO-SAUR INTO POSITION TO USE ITS INDESCRIBABLY DELICATE PROBER MECHANISM...!
RRRRRRRRRRRR
THERE! I'VE GOT IT! ONCE THE FIRING DEVICE HAS BEEN REMOVED, WE'LL HAVE WON! JUST A LITTLE FARTHER... A LITTLE FARTHER...!
IT'S OUT! THE BOMB HAS BEEN RENDERED HARMLESS! EARTH IS SAVED!
AND, FROM THE VIEWING ROOM OF SHIELD'S FLYING HQ., A DOZEN VOICES CRY OUT AS ONE...!
STARK DID IT!
THE RADIO-ACTIVE FIRING MECHANISM HAS BEEN WITHDRAWN!
WITHOUT IT, IT'S NO MORE THAN AN EMPTY, ORBITING SHELL!
WE'VE BEATEN THEM! SHIELD HAS WON!
GENTLEMEN! THE MENACE TO MANKIND HAS BEEN ENDED! HYDRA'S ULTIMATUM TO US IS NOW AN EMPTY THREAT!
THEREFORE, AS ACTING CHAIRMAN... IN THE ABSENCE OF COLONEL NICK FURY, I ORDER THE IMMEDIATE ARREST OF ALL HYDRA EMISSARIES AND AGENTS WHO HAVE DARED CALL FOR THE CAPITULATION OF THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH!
A WORLD-WIDE ROUND-UP OF ALL THE KNOWN HYDRA AGENTS IS UNDER WAY AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
SIR, HAS ANY INFORMATION BEEN RECEIVED CONCERNING THE FATE OF COLONEL FURY, OR HIS HAND-PICKED TASK FORCE?

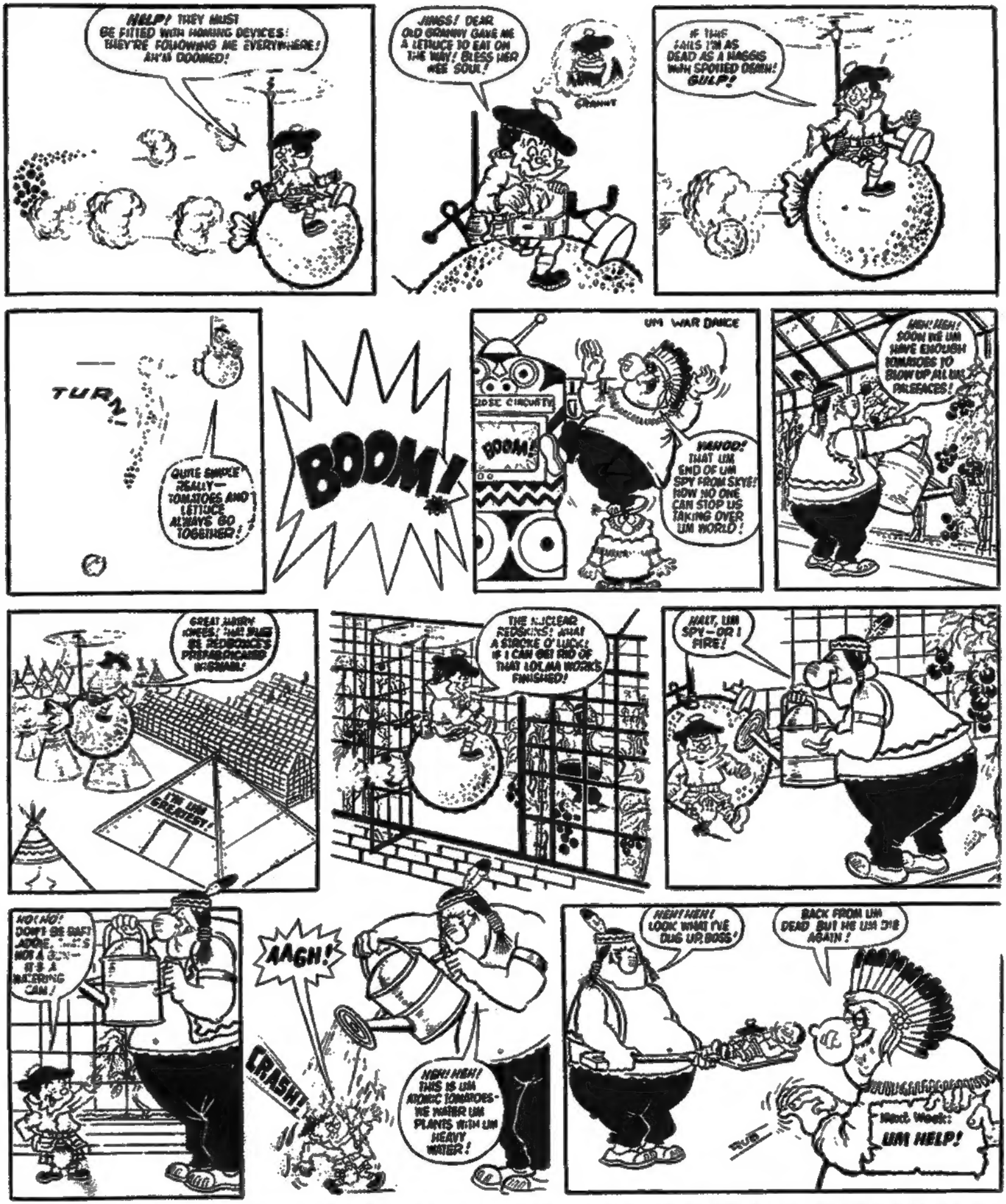
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

AND AS WE REACH THE END OF HYDRA WE ALSO REACH THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER MILESTONE IN STORY TELLING.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

WHY—IT'S "SERGEANT FURY AND HIS HOWLING COMMANDOS"—THE CLASSIC EXCITEMENT-TALE OF NICK AND HIS WAR-TIME BATTLES. SO SLOT IN BEHIND *DUM DUM DUGAN, GABE JONES, DINO MANELLI, JUNIOR JUNIPER, REBEL RALSTON,* AND *IZZY COHEN*—AND JOIN IN THE PARTY!


WEE Willie HAGGIS
THE SPY FROM SKYE
HELLO, HELLO, HELLO! WHAT'S GOING ON IN 'Z's OFFICE...?
THERE, NOW! TELL Z ALL ABOUT IT!
BOO-HOO HOO!
IT'S BIG CHIEF REDBONCE - THE RAVING REDSKIN, SIR! HE'S PLANNING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD BY GETTING RID OF ALL US PALEFACES! SOB!
THE FIEND! THE FIEND!
AND WHAT'S MORE HE'S TURNING OUT MILLIONS OF EXPLODING TOMATOES - T.N.T. WITH A DIFFERENCE - TINY NUCLEAR TOMATOES! GULP!
BITING NAILS
THE FIEND! NUCLEAR REDSKINS! I MUST GET WEE WILLIE HAGGIS ON TO THIS RIGHT AWAY - HELP YOURSELF TO A CUP OF OF TEA, O-O-O'TOOLE!
PERISHING ARROW HOLES!
WEE WILLIE HAGGIS REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR! OCH AYE! YOUR TOP AGENT AT YOUR SERVICE!
SQUIRT!
REDBONCE IS UP TO HIS TRICKS AGAIN, HAGGIS! REPORTS TEND TO SUGGEST HE'S HIDING OUT IN A PREFABRICATED WIGWAM SOMEWHERE IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, U.S.A. YOU'LL FIND THE REST OF THE INFORMATION IN THIS FILE!
S-U-C-K!
LEAVE IT TO ME, SIR!
I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD!
AMERICA
SUFFERING SASSENACHS! I'M BEING TAILED BY AN ARROWPLANE - AND IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF REDBONCE'S BRAVES IN IT! GULP!
BLAM!
SPLAT!
UM! AAGH! NO CAN SEE! I HAVE BEEN PLASTERED BY UM FIENDISH PORRIDGE!
SPLUTT!
AND WHAT OF BLACK-HEARTED REDBONCE?
CLOSE CIRCUIT TV
UM! AAGH! UM SCOTTIE HAS SABOTAGED ARROWPLANE! SHOOT UM DOWN!
DOING UM NUT!
STAB!
HEH! HEH! HAGGIS LIKE PORRIDGE - WE LIKE UM TOMATOES - NUCLEAR TOMATOES - UM HEH! HEH!
GREAT HAIRY HAGGIS! THEY'RE FIRING NUCLEAR TOMATOES AT ME! I'VE GOT TO CHANGE COURSE QUICKLY!



POW! printed in Great Britain by St. Clements Press Ltd., 112 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A'sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland 12 months 43/4; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 39/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. 9$; Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 7d., and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

LESLIE CROWTHER SAYS:

SUCK IT AND SEE— IT'S MAGIC!

New Mighty Magic

Wall's

Wiz

NOW BANANA OUTSIDE— NEW TOFFEE INSIDE!

First, lots of smooth banana-flavoured ice cream. Mmmm-marvellous! Then, a gorgeous great chunk of chewy toffee to make it last *so much longer!* ***AND*** A TERRIFIC MAGIC TRICK ON EVERY PACK!

THERE ARE LOTS OF SUPER TRICKS TO LEARN— TRY THIS ONE ON YOUR FRIENDS

MYSTERIOUS MOVING PENCIL

1. Lay a round pencil on the top of a clear table or similar flat surface. **2.** Rub index finger vigorously on your sleeve (to your friends it will appear that you're building up a strange magnetic force!) **3.** Now advance your finger slowly and carefully towards the pencil. **4.** As your finger approaches the pencil, lean well over, take a deep breath and blow downwards as silently as you can so your friends won't guess your secret. And Hey Presto! the pencil will 'run away' from your advancing finger as if by magic!